

The Court VISIT;

CUP. 21 g 28/58

T O A

Great Lady at her Country-Seat,

Who lately remov'd her Habitation, because the Air
of St. James's did not agree with her Constitution.

1st Lady, **I**'M sorry, Madam, at my Heart to see,
St J—ms's Air so ill with you do's agree,
But if from an Acquaintance you'll permit
A Visit, Madam, at your Country-Seat,
Some News I bring from thence to tell you, That
May serve us o'er our Tea for harmless Chat.

2 L. *Court Visits, Madam, do to me seem strange,
I now begin to like this happy Change,
Free from the Noise, Trouble and the Care
Of Great E—p—ts I live quiet here.*

1 L. True, Madam, here soft Innocence do's reign
Nor need you of your present State complain;
But Use is to a second Nature brought,
I know you have not quite the C——t forgot.

2 L. *The C——t to my Affairs but ill do's Suit,
Now I have lost those Gems that bound me to't;
My P——s gone, what is the PLACE to me?
This better do's with my Retreat agree.*

1 L. But Fortune, Madam, may the Cause remove
You serv'd a Mistress once that you did love;
Whose Favour possibly you may regain,
And in your former Grandeur once more reign.

2 L. *Madam, I for no such Favour look,
Fortune seems wholly now to have forsook,
My Darling Hope,——But be it as it will.
I am, and will be at S——J—— still.*

1 L. Be not averse to what may yet reclaim
Your Hopes, and fix you in your former Fame,
Your noble L——d his old Com——d still bears,
And who can tell if Fortune but declares,
What one Luckily Blow may give to your Affairs.

2 L. *That Thought indeed does keep my Hopes alive,
His Fortune may to all that's Great arrive,
Unless his Enemies who hate his Fame,
Unjustly find some way t' Seclisp the same.*

1 L. There's none sure, Madam, will deny him Praise.
Whilst he continues with Success to raise,
His Countreys Honour, few will be the Foes,
Where so much depends, his Service to oppose.

2 L. *Did they not Write and say I know not what,
To give Fame, and Services a Blot.*

EXAMIN'D HIM, and cry'd he was o're Paid,
And to his Charge a bad C——p——n had laid,
All which to Fumes did at his presence run,
As Fogs are dispel'd by the approaching Sun.